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IN THE
DEPARTMENT
OF
ANCACHS

BY
E. T. S.



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IN THE DEPART-
MENT *of* ANCACHS
& OTHER PAPERS

[Scribble]
By E. T. S.

CLEVELAND
1909

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FOREWORD

A SCORE of years ago "Peru" was selected as a theme of study by a local club of Cleveland. As none of the members had ever seen the "Land of the Incas," I was requested to write a short narrative of personal experiences in that country.

The paper presented in response to that request is printed in this little volume, and added to it are several other sketches which, by the merciful operation of a rigid time limit, never reached the ears of the club members.

It was the writer's intention to supply an antidote to what may be termed a mental indigestion, induced by a too heavy diet of solid facts culled from encyclopedias and various books of travel. This accounts for the character of the experiences, selected at random from many impressions made on the memory during a residence of three years in the land so mercilessly pillaged by Pizzaro and his adventurers, in the time which historians, with unconscious irony, term "the glorious days of the Conquistadores."

E. T. S.

Cleveland, May, 1909.

IN THE
DEPARTMENT OF ANCACHS

I

DOWN THE COAST FROM PANAMA.

THIS account of impressions and personal experiences in South America is confined chiefly to observations in the Department of Ancachs in the northern part of Peru.

The picture left on the mind after a few years' sojourn among the inhabitants of Ancachs is of a people deliciously lazy and tinged with the grace and manner of old Spain at the time of the conquest—so easy and procrastinating in their ways that it is a liberal education for a restless citizen of the energetic north to abide awhile with them. The experience teaches him the gentle quality of patience; he becomes more charitable, and holds in abeyance the stern tendency to condemn a fellow being whose lively imagination causes him at times to ignore the hampering chains of absolute truthfulness. They have the impulsiveness of the Latin race, and in times of revolution the barbarous instinct of the Indian admixture too often shows itself. In time of peace their gracious hospitality

makes the stranger's heart warm to them, and the thought of their gentle kindness lingers sweetly in his memory through after years.

In sailing down the western coast the first stop south of Panama is made at Guayaquil, sixty miles up the river of that name—a river fringed with mangroves, palms and luxuriant tropic growths. In places the low side hills are bright with the changing foliage of deciduous trees, the ripened leaf glowing with color directly under the equator, disproving the common belief that frost is essential to the change. The scenery is very tropical. Little villages of thatched huts appear at intervals along the shore. Now and then a huge alligator is seen basking in the sun, and long rows of red flamingoes line the mud bars, warily eyeing the approaching steamer.

The City of Guayaquil is reached at noon. It seems quiet and deserted, for the inhabitants are indulging in the mid-day siesta. The first sight that the stranger notices is the fleet of up-river boats loaded with flowers and fruits, and noisy with monkeys and parrots. A naval lieutenant and myself decided to explore the town in spite of the noon heat. On landing, the first thing that attracted our attention was a street car, on which was a printed notice stating that the car ran to a salt water lagoon about three miles away, where there was good bathing. The motive power consisted of two weary

looking mules. The driver was on the front platform, and the conductor on the back, both Negroes, scantily clad and both sound asleep. As our voices had no effect, a vigorous kick was applied to the conductor, who rather shamed our rudeness by rising, bowing gracefully and informing us that he was highly honored by the attention of such distinguished cabelleros, and that the entire road and equipment was ours and at our disposal. A volley of expletives aroused the motive power to a walk, which was continued to the end of the line, the animals being too lazy to stop. The driver and conductor immediately resumed their slumbers, while the lieutenant and I gazed at the low houses with their barred windows and large door-ways that opened into shady patios.

Near this city the so-called Panama hats are made. They are woven from fine grass by the patient women, a labor of many months. The water is not good and the traveler would do well to follow our example and drink the cool, clear liquid from the green cocoanut. The natives are mostly a mongrel race of Spanish, Indian and Negro descent, shiftless and untidy, but polite and obliging. The country at this time was just beginning to feel the effects of having offered itself as an asylum to the Jesuits who had been expelled from the neighboring republics. Their villainous intrigues were hastening a revolution, and all progress had ceased under the blight-

ing touch of these unworthy followers of Loyola.

On rounding Cape Blanco, the cool ocean current from the Antarctic Seas lowers the temperature—a refreshing change after the intense heat of the Colombian and Ecuadorian coasts. South of the cape the rainless region begins, extending far down the coast into Chili. The first stop in Peru is at Payta, a most desolate town, situated at the base of barren sand bluffs, beyond which lies the fertile valley of Piura, from which comes all the supplies for Payta, including water. From Payta to Callao the steamer sails close to the shore, disclosing long stretches of desolate barrens, rising rapidly inland. The foot hills are marked in bands of vivid red, yellow and olive brown, fading to a misty gray far inland, where in dreamy indistinctness tower the mighty Andes. The curiously colored soil is very fertile where irrigated, the isolated haciendas and little towns being scarcely visible through the greenness of luxuriant vegetation.

II

THE CITY OF THE KINGS.

AFTER disembarking at Callao and speeding over the eight miles of road to Lima, we felt that we were finally in Peru, in the City of the Kings, at that time one of the cleanest and best-lighted cities in the world. In reality, the first impression that a stranger receives is that the fleas are numerous and the most energetic inhabitants of the country. They strangely disappear, however, at an altitude of about four thousand feet in the mountains. At about the same altitude the curious malady known as "verruugas," which annoyed Pizzaro's soldiers, is as prevalent today as it was in 1533. It shows itself in a dark red eruption of the skin, varying in size from a pea to a pecan, and in extent from a few scattered points to an infinite number. The slightest irritation produces profuse bleeding. The eruption is preceded by severe pains, similar to rheumatism. Speedy recovery follows on removal to the hot lowlands.

We arrived at the close of the unsuccessful revolution of the Gutierrez brothers, and

the beams still projected from the towers of the cathedral where they had been hanged after being shot to death in the prison. The bodies, after hanging awhile, were lowered to the frenzied mob, who literally hacked them to pieces with their machetes. Many buildings bore the mark of bullets, a mute record of the late revolution.

A large number of troops had been concentrated in Lima during the revolution, many of the barracks being still occupied by them. A mutiny occurred in the quarters near the old stone bridge over the Rimac, at which a detachment of troops were stationed to prevent a sortie from the barracks. Every attempt of the mutineers to emerge from the big gateway was frustrated by a raking volley up the street toward the plaza. Intermittent firing was heard at sunrise, followed by the clanging of the huge doors of patios as they were hastily closed, the excited shouts of people and the innumerable noises that make the uproar of an alarmed city.

The hotel faces the plaza opposite the cathedral, the walk in front of it being under the colonades of massive granite columns erected in Pizzaro's time, and directly in line of fire from the bridge. As I was hurrying through the upper hall to a balcony that opened on the plaza, an officer politely suggested that it would be best not to go there. Rather brusquely, I enquired the reason, and had scarcely stepped onto the balcony before a bullet smashed the stucco a few inches above

my head. The backward leap into the hall that ensued on this reinforcement of the colonel's warning elicited from him a fine compliment on my agility, and he smiled grimly when informed that it was not my intention to offer an obstruction to such good target practice.

When the firing ceased, the colonel and I decided to go to the post-office, which was in the same block, with the entrance on a side street, to reach which required a walk of about four hundred feet under the colonades. We had gone about half way when an irregular volley from the bridge sent a shower of bullets hissing by us. We promptly lined up behind one of the large stone columns near the curb, a fairly safe position, but not exactly comfortable. As we stood facing the cathedral, we noticed a cab issue from the adjoining street, the driver whipping his horse to a run and heading diagonally toward us, evidently bound for the post-office street. He reached the line of the Mercedeses, about fifty feet in front of us, just as another volley raked the street. The horse was killed instantly, and the driver pitched forward on top of the animal and quickly rolled over and flattened out alongside of the dead horse, whose body made a good barricade. I feelingly expressed my sorrow for the *horse*, much to the amusement of the colonel, who noticed my lack of sympathy for the man, and rightfully attributed the omission to a strenuous encounter I had had with a cabman the

day before, of which he was an interested witness. A lull in the firing prompted us to resume our journey. Although several bullets whizzed by us, we marched the remaining distance and rounded the corner in regulation marching step. The colonel was a veteran of many revolutions, and possibly did not mind it. I felt that the honor of the United States was in my keeping and repressed an inclination to rush to that corner and get out of range quickly.

Upon our arrival at the post-office, we held a council of war, and decided that it was not good tactics to needlessly expose our forces to the enemy, and returned to the hotel over the flat roofs of the buildings. This strategical maneuver was successfully accomplished, and the entire command was soon safely at rest in the cafe of the hotel.

Lima is so well known through books of travel that a description is unnecessary. One incident seems to have escaped most of the writers. On Saturdays the blind beggars are allowed the freedom of the streets, and small parties of seven or eight are seen moving in single file along the narrow sidewalks, each clutching with one hand the ragged poncho of the man in front; in the other hand is a cane, with which he alternately taps the building and the curb. This tapping sound of a number of canes is peculiar, and attracts attention at once to the sorry sight. They are treated kindly and given a trifle at every place to which their leader guides them. Their be-

seeching cry of "Alms, for the love of God!" and their earnest manner of turning their sightless eyes toward a generous giver and calling on the saints to bless him, is very pathetic. It is said that many cases of blindness are produced by the irritation of a silky filament from the seed-pod of a variety of cactus which, floating through the air, lodges in the eye, from which it is almost impossible to extract it.

The far-famed beauty of the Limeñas is, in the opinion of the writer, an exaggeration of travelers beguiled by the partial concealment of their features by the manto, allowing but little more than their beautiful eyes to be visible. One glance from such glorious orbs would brighten a traveler's fancy and make him reckless in the use of adjectives. These fair dwellers of Lima are graceful and winning; some are beautiful. The majority seem beautiful by contrast to the brown faces of the masses, which form sort of a Vandyke background, on which a fair face is instantly noticed, glorified by the beauty of contrast. The fairest among them, if seen at a reception in our country, would not attract attention so much by her beauty as by her enticing gracefulness and manner. The manto is gradually disappearing from among the better class, and all who wear it leave the face fully exposed. It is a pity that the wild vagaries of the Parisian modiste are slowly replacing this graceful garment.

To make a call in Lima is to experience a hospitality which is indescribably charming. Ladies receive without rising; the host greets the visitor in a manner that puts him at ease at once; the ladies gently echo the perfect greeting, persuasively informing him that the house and all it contains is his and at his disposition. At times, the enraptured visitor wishes that this was a fact instead of an exaggerated form of welcome. The weather is never mentioned as a topic of conversation, as there are but slight changes of climate on the coast, one day being very like another. This trait alone should absolve the Peruvians from all their sins.

After a Sunday, the morning of which was made unbearable by the clangor of bells from a hundred churches, and the afternoon pleasantly exciting by the spectacle of a bull fight, we embarked at Callao on the coasting steamer bound north to the Bay of Ferrol. Amidst the uproar at the landing we distinguished the cry of the ubiquitous lottery ticket seller, proclaiming the opportunity to win a thousand soles* for ten centavos, all for the glory of the church. We thought of the noisy bells and firmly resisted the allurements of this absurd agent of chance whose wailing note was our last reminder of Lima.

*Sole. Peruvian silver dollar.

III

CHIMBOTE.

THE Bay of Ferrol, now called Chimbote Bay, is the finest natural harbor on the western coast. It is in the northwestern part of the Department of Ancachs.

We were greeted at the rocky portals of the entrance to this harbor by the roaring of hundreds of large sea lions. The new railroad town of Chimbote was inhabited chiefly by foreigners, employes of the company. The houses are built of a frame-work of wood covered with painted corrugated iron. The interior walls are covered with heavy canvas, tastefully papered. These dwellings were neat and cool, and earthquake proof. Here were the headquarters of the Chimbote & Recuay Railroad, then under construction, in the location of which through the cañon of the Rio de la Santa, the writer was to assist.

The Rio de la Santa has its source in the Laguna de Corrococha, thirteen thousand feet above the sea, about ten degrees south latitude. It flows northwesterly, parallel with the coast to about $80^{\circ} 40'$ south, then taking an

easy bend to the southwest, it enters the Pacific near the port of Santa, a course of about one hundred and sixty miles. It is the largest river in Peru flowing into the Pacific. Between its source and the bend is a spur range of the Cordillera Negra of an average altitude of fourteen thousand feet. The map-makers complacently ignore this range, though it is larger than the Alps, with peaks higher than Mt. Blanc. At the big bend the Santa breaks through this range, as does the Columbia River through the Cascade Range. Even to one familiar with the wildest parts of the Rocky Mountains, the scene is one of impressive grandeur. Near this turn a large acequia was being constructed for the purpose of irrigating and reclaiming the Chimbote plain, the water being taken from the Santa about fifteen miles up the river—a point decided upon after thorough examination. A careful survey showed that an ancient Inca work for the same purpose was the best possible route. As the engineer expressed it, “we could not get away from it.” In former times it had plentifully supplied the entire plain which, as the ruins of ancient cities indicated, had formerly been densely populated. Now there are but few large towns in the interior, and, at the time of my visit, the people were not taxed by the general government, as its revenues were derived from the sale of the nitrate and guano deposits on the coast—an exemption enjoyed by no other community in the civilized world.

The mass of the people, called "Cholos," are principally of Spanish and Indian descent. Near the coast, they are of every conceivable admixture, from the *blanco puro* of old Spain, to the villainous offspring of the Indian and Negro. Occasionally one encounters the peculiar offspring of the Chinese coolie and the Chola. The best classification of the mongrel people of the coast is found in Dr. Von Tschudis' book. There is a sharp distinction of classes, founded as much on the predominance of the Spanish blood as on wealth and position, those of pure Spanish descent holding themselves as infinitely superior to all others. The wealthy hacendados, merchants and the learned professions are at the top; the small land holders, traders and artisans, form what may be termed a middle class. All these look down on the Cholo, the hewer of wood and the drawer of water, who labors spasmodically about a third of the year, the rest of the time being devoted to feast days and saints' days, including bull fights and cock fights, to all of which he abandons himself with the delight of one who is never wearied by thought. In the interior I have often seen men and women working in a field, in one part of which was a shelter, simply a roof of broad maguey leaves supported on posts, under which would be a few guitars and jars of "Chicha," a light sparkling drink made from fermented corn. They would work a few hours and then adjourn to the shelter, play the guitar and dance. If a

stranger approached he was welcomed. They would play and dance for him, thank him for the honor of his visit, and speed his parting with a pious wish that God would guide him on his way. All this, with a courtliness that made one oblivious of their sandaled feet and rough garments. Any one with a sympathetic soul would like these people and possibly forgive them that they know not the virtues of a bath.

The staple food of the Cholo consists of yucas, plantains and the universal chupe, a common dish of the people high and low. This is a nutritious soup or chowder, made piping hot with red peppers. The red pepper ground to a powder, and made into a paste with water, or occasionally with olive oil, is used as a condiment by all classes. It is known as "aji," and is much hotter than the climate. The Cholos of the interior chew the coca leaf, touching the quid from time to time with powdered quick-lime from a small gourd slung from the neck, the leaf itself being carried in a sack suspended from the sash. Coca has the stimulating effect of strong tea, but the result is more lasting. The better class regard this habit much as we do the chewing of tobacco.

A coasting steamer from Callao arrived at Chimbote weekly, making a short stop at its anchorage about a mile from shore. I usually boarded it to obtain the mail for headquarters.

On one occasion while chatting with some of the officers in the main salon, we were startled by three distinct shocks, as if the steamer had struck on a rock. It was alarming and unaccountable, because we knew that there were at least six fathoms of water under the keel. We rushed on deck, where one glance shoreward solved the problem. Clouds of dust were rising from the ground, people were rushing from the houses, and the air was vibrating with the alarming uproar that proclaims an earthquake.

IV

ACROSS THE CORDILLERA NEGRA.

I STARTED into the interior following a rarely traveled road, across the Chimbote plain, and over the spur range of the Cordillera Negra. My outfit consisted of a pack-train of about a dozen mules and three arrieros, or muleteers, myself and a servant being mounted on horses. The way across the plain was by ancient ruins and for a short distance along the famous walled road of the Incas described by Prescott, in fairly good preservation here, though obliterated in places by drifting sands.

The first stop was at the little village of Lacramarca, inhabited mostly by Indians, speaking the native *quichua*; many of them understood and spoke Spanish, though reluctant to do so. They were shy and reserved, refusing to sell us supplies. Following a hint received from the prefect of the province, we seized by force what was needed and then tendered payment, which was humbly accepted; no resentment being shown at our high-handed proceeding, for they shortly after offered to

help in preparing sheep and fowls for cooking. They exhibited so much astonishment and delight on finding that we were not also going to take the money from them that I made inquiry, and found that soldiers and others from the coast would seize what they wanted, pay for it, and demand the return of the money before leaving. This pitiful story so excited my ire that I called the head men of the town together and told them that our men would always pay well for what they obtained, and if any employe of the road, native or foreign, abused them to send word to me by one of their runners and the wrong would be redressed, as I had the ear of the authorities. After that they sold freely to all that passed, and obtained more money in two years than they had ever seen before. I had the satisfaction some time after of assisting in the capture of two Chilians and a Portuguese who had pillaged these helpless people. We were not at all gentle in our method of taking them. They were forced to refund five times the value of what they had taken, and were then turned over to the prefect, who expelled them from the province. The news of this affair rapidly spread, and thereafter the mild dwellers of Lacramarca were undisturbed.

After passing Santana we crossed the range at an altitude of twelve thousand feet. Here we saw the first condor, hovering in the thin air directly overhead, so close that the ruff of white feathers about his shoulders

and the iridescent colors of his naked neck and huge comb were visible in the flashing sunlight. Although very graceful on the wing, there is nothing poetic about a condor. He is a carrion bird, remarkable for keenness of vision and great size, many of them measuring eighteen feet from tip to tip of outstretched wings.

Just beyond the pass the trail is narrow and dangerous, following an old Inca road hewn from the face of the cliff. At one point there is a sheer descent of five thousand feet to the bottom of the cañon, and the road is so narrow for about a quarter of a mile that two animals cannot pass. There is a wide place at each end of this portion, one end not being visible from the other on account of a bend in the road. It is customary to halt at these places and shout to prevent meeting a party coming from the opposite direction. We gave the usual signal, and receiving no answer proceeded. About half way over we met a Cholo with four burros laden with sacks of sugar. The stupid fellow had heard us, but thought he could make the distance before meeting us. There was but one thing to do. I left my horse, walked ahead and ordered the man to unload his cargo so that our animals could step over it, and then shot three of his burros one after another with my revolver so that they fell into the abyss below; the fourth one we managed to turn. We then resumed our march, the poor Cholo leading the way with his remaining burro,

crying and piteously informing the saints that he was a ruined man. On reaching the wide place, he was paid double the value of the lost animals, whereupon he withdrew his previous observations to the saints and joyfully called upon them to witness that he was the most blessed of mortals. On parting he was nearly frightened out of his wits by a judicious selection from an intense vocabulary, acquired principally from the muleteers, which informed him distinctly to what particular order of fools he belonged.

The rest of the way was in a magnificent mountain region, through fertile valleys, by picturesque villages, and at times, over barren slopes amid clumps of giant cactus, from which large flocks of green parrots rose screeching as we approached. Far in the east, dominating every scene, rose the towering peaks of the Cordillera Blanca, twenty thousand feet above the sea. The summit of Cerro Huascan, above Yungay, has an altitude of twenty-two thousand one hundred and eighty feet, one hundred and eighty feet higher than Chimborazo, and sixty-four hundred and fifty feet higher than Mt. Blanc. Switzerland seems petty and insignificant in comparison with this region, which makes a picture on the soul that is lasting.

After passing the mining town of Macate, we sighted far down the slopes the Hacienda de Taquilpon, its white buildings surrounded by shady groves of palta, chirimoya and orange trees, amid green fields of alfalfa,

plantan and yucas. Five hundred feet below the plateau on which it is situated the foaming waters of the Rio de la Santa were flashing in the sunlight. At this accessible part of the cañon, three American engineers began the location of the upper part of the railroad.

V

AN ENGINEER'S CAMP.

MY FIRST experience with a native party conveys a lesson valuable to one unused to a tropical country. The party consisted of twenty natives of Spanish and Indian blood, most of them familiar with the routine of field work. To them their new chief seemed filled with a strong, restless energy, and oblivious to the effects of heat or fatigue. In camp he treated them with a kindness they had never before experienced; in the field he demanded instant execution of orders. The poor fellows stood in great awe of him, and worked faithfully. On the fourth day all but five were prostrated by the burning fevers induced by exhaustion. Ten hours a day under the glowing sun and the hot glare from the cliffs had used them up.

The engineer was startled at this result, and much astonished when the others, who had been longer in the country, told him that he had accomplished as much in three days as they usually did in three weeks. Before the men recovered he received unique instruc-

tions from headquarters to the effect that not more than three hours a day of field work was expected. With this was enclosed a friendly letter from the chief, an old-time comrade on the plains, in which he vigorously condemned the folly of attempting to apply the strenuous methods of the west in such a country, where a man, if he really wanted to pass in his checks, could not select a quicker method of doing it. The climate, he explained, would kill a man soon enough without the assistance of over-exertion. His letter concluded with an injunction to "take things easy." Then a new light dawned on this engineer as he realized that it was easier to adapt himself to the ways of the people he was among than to attempt to convert the entire population to his point of view. By concentrating his mind on the subject he succeeded in becoming lazy and in wishing to work no more than three hours a day. Later the climate impressed him with its lethargic touch and he did not want to work at all.

When a man left my party he was replaced by another. The newcomer would appear in a ragged poncho, knee breeches and sandals. Like many of his class, he had probably been bathed but once since he was born, and honestly believed that a dip in the Santa would give him the fever. My rather forcible missionary work among the older men had eliminated such false views of life, and they, neat and clean, would gather about the new recruit, gleefully anticipating what was to

come. On the second day the new man would be told that he must thoroughly cleanse himself and don a new suit of clothes that we furnished him. Here was a dilemma. He longed for the clothes; they would delight his soul, and he would win the coffee-colored darling of his heart when she saw him in them. But a bath might possibly kill him. He would usually refuse, then at a signal my men, who had nearly all undergone the same process, would seize him, take him to the river and most unmercifully scrub him with soap and water. A few days would convince him that he would not have the fever. After that his approach to godliness would be perceptible, and on the slightest intimation that an application of soap and water was becoming to a cabellero, he would give one anxious glance about him and bolt for the river.

The following year I established a camp several miles up the cañon on a desolate playa, which we named La Soledad. It became noted for the hazardous character of the work, which necessitated the most perilous kind of cliff-climbing. When a man, in climbing "lost his nerve," as we expressed it, the natives would say that he was "charmed by the rock." When the constructing force arrived many men lost their lives by falling from cliff trails, and many more by the knife in camp brawls.

The knife used by the Chilians has a strongly curved blade about ten inches long, sharpened on its inner edge. It is held in the

right hand, while the left, protected by a scarf, is used for guarding. The attack is a slashing stroke from the breast downward. It is not often fatal, as the abdomen is protected by the heavy folds of a sash wound around the body in bull-fighter style. There is great skill displayed in guarding and cutting.

The workmen, five hundred in number, were mostly natives of Chili, turbulent and difficult to control. I solved the problem by selecting the worst desperado among them and appointing him chief of camp. He was a magnificent specimen of man physically, and an expert with the knife. As he had about thirty of the fiercest fighters in camp at his beck and call, gentle peace brooded over La Soledad at brief intervals. The Chilians had a great contempt for the Peruvians, and once when a troop of cavalymen was stopping with us, they took offense at their overbearing conduct and ran the entire command out of camp. It was only by the greatest exertions that the chief and his force held them in check long enough to permit the escape of the soldiers. It was a lively row, but fortunately no one was killed. I was called to account for this affair by the prefect, but a sarcastic comment on the retreat of a detachment of cavalry before a body of men armed only with knives and a few revolvers, caused him to modify his first impression, while an explanation of the provocation offered decided him to overlook the matter and transfer the officer to another department.

A modification of the old-fashioned stocks was used for the punishment and detention of offenders. The implement consisted of two upright posts firmly planted in the ground, supporting a movable horizontal bar to which the victim's feet were shackled. The bar could be raised and secured at various heights. When it was close to the ground the prisoner was lying at full length, secured and fairly comfortable. When the bar was raised so that only a portion of the back and shoulders rested on the ground, the punishment was severe and, in the hot glare of the sun, produced unconsciousness. For serious offenses the prisoner was sent to Chimbote, sixty miles away, and delivered to the prefect of the department. The investigation and punishment was delegated to those in control of the various camps, the civil engineer in charge of the work being the highest authority. He was an employe of the government with considerable delegated authority, and, within the bounds of his section of the work, was practically an autocrat. The affairs he was called upon to decide required a clear sense of justice. I often read the chapters in *Don Quixote*, wherein is narrated the experiences of Sancho when he was governor of the Island of Barataria, and envied the shrewdness and justice of his decisions as displayed in the dispute of the countryman and the tailor over the five caps, and his power of inductive reasoning shown in the case of the hollow cane and the gold crowns. At any

rate, my decisions pleased the Chilenos, and the proclamation of a decree that no punishment would be inflicted when personal disagreements were settled with the fists was received with vociferous approval. It resulted in much rough and tumble fighting, but greatly reduced the number of serious encounters with knives.

VI

COOLIE SLAVERY.

RECEIVING instructions to take general charge of the road during the absence of the chief engineer and manager, I moved to headquarters in Chimbote. At this period the coolie traffic was at its height in Peru. The Chinamen were imported into the country by thousands, under contract to sugar estates, contractors and hacendados. They were bound out for seven years, and were bought and sold like slaves, the price depending on their physical condition and the time remaining to be served. The abuses developed under this system were worse than slavery because there was no incentive to conserve the welfare of the individual beyond the limit of his time of service. All the work possible was forced out of him during that time.

The majority of the coolies were the off-scouring of the Chinese coast cities; there were many ex-pirates and scoundrels among them, and the scarred foreheads and slit

ears of many, bore evidence of punishments inflicted in China for criminal offenses.

Like all people of Spanish blood, the hacendados are capable of excessive cruelty, and the scenes on many of the sugar estates rivaled the worst phases of slavery. Serious uprisings were frequent and troops were occasionally required to guard life and property.

The railroad company owned several hundred coolies who were mostly employed on the coast end of the road. Most of the gang-overseers were Portuguese from Brazil, a brutal class of people. They had been gradually allowed to have their own way until the coolies under them were treated almost as badly as on the haciendas, and the hospital always contained many victims of barbarous punishments. Three instances had occurred where the tortured coolies had risen and overpowered their overseers, killing and mutilating them in a frightful manner.

The delegation of authority to me furnished a long wished for opportunity to put a stop to this sort of thing. A general order was issued that no punishment should be inflicted until the case was submitted to an officer of the road for decision. The only authority allowed to an overseer was the occasional touch of the lash when the men were working, which experience had demonstrated was necessary. Disobedience of the order would be followed by dismissal. As anticipated, this order caused an uproar of mutinous talk and

threats of resistance. Among the employes of the road were several cowboys whom I had known on the plains. They eagerly fell in with a suggestion to "see me through" while enforcing the order. One of them accompanied me on the first tour of inspection of the camps.

Shortly beyond the first camp a Portuguese overseer knocked a coolie senseless with the heavy handle of his whip because he lagged in his work—an insolent violation of orders in our presence. The overseer was promptly treated to a dose of his own medicine by being felled with the butt of a revolver. The coolies tied his hands and feet and dragged him up the slope of the cut. They were then ordered to stake him down and cross-cut him with his own whip. On hearing this order, which the grinning coolies were only too willing to execute, the vile Portuguese fairly howled with rage, and then began the most abject, grovelling plea for mercy that I ever heard. It was sickening. He was finally given the option of immediately leaving the province, which he promptly accepted and started down the line on a run as soon as his thongs were cut. He disappeared as if he had evaporated, and the pay due him was confiscated and donated to the hospital.

Similar scenes occurred at intervals as far as the coolie camps extended. Three overseers were forced to leave the province, and several others were discharged. Somehow the remainder grasped the idea that the voice

of authority should be respected, and one phase of the coolie problem was solved.

A few Americans and Englishmen in Chimbote were much exercised over the use of opium among the coolies, and on several occasions had raided the quarters and destroyed all opium and pipes, severely handling the men that opposed them. I investigated the opium question and concluded that the poor wretches never had sufficient money to obtain enough of the drug at any one time to disqualify them for work, while the little they did use was rather beneficial than otherwise in a tropical climate. This last opinion was supported by the doctor, so an order was issued forbidding anyone to enter the quarters without permission from the superintendent. The tenor of all orders was in the direction of interfering as little as possible with the coolies when not on the work, allowing them to follow their own ways in camp and delegating to picked men among them the duty of keeping order and enforcing sanitary regulations. Thus we eliminated the constant irritation caused by the injudicious meddling of outsiders who honestly believed themselves to be Christians.

A few days before these events a misadventure befell me, due entirely to my horse. It obtained for me the credit of boldly charging a gang of mutinous coolies and dispersing them. The animal was a powerful brute that had been trained on a sugar estate to run down coolies. If he was headed toward any

group of men and given rein he would dash among them, rearing and striking with his hoofs and biting in a most vicious fashion. The camp where the incident occurred was at the mouth of a gulch. The huts of the overseers stood on a narrow stretch of level ground close to the river at the foot of a slope, rising and narrowing inland, on which were the huts of a gang of about thirty coolies. The place was entirely concealed from view from the approach up the river by a projecting spur of the mountain, around which the narrow trail made a sharp turn and opened on the level place near the overseers' huts. I was riding leisurely up the cañon with the bridle reins hanging, as usual, on the pommel of the saddle so that my sure-footed horse could "have his head" as he picked his way over the dangerous trail. In my right hand was a heavily loaded, silver-mounted crop that had been presented to me in Chimbote. Immediately on rounding the point I saw the overseers, two Americans and a Portuguese, lined up in front of their hut facing the coolies, who were on the point of attacking them. At this instant the coolies uttered their peculiar cry and sent a volley of stones at the overseers. Several of them hit my horse, and one struck me on the shoulder. In the effort to retain my seat, both spurs pricked the horse and he plunged right into the midst of the coolies, rearing up, striking with his hoofs and kicking and biting savagely, while I clung to the pommel with one

hand and used the crop saberwise with the other. The overseers meanwhile banged away with their revolvers. The ferocious attack of the horse, combined with the steady firing of the overseers, was too much for the coolies, who suddenly retreated up the gulch like scared coyotes, leaving several dead and wounded behind them. It required several minutes to quiet the horse, and then the overseers overwhelmed me with thanks for coming to their rescue. Their gratitude annoyed me even more than the many bruises from the stones, and I suggested crossly that they address their thanks to the horse. I abruptly started on my way, ruefully contemplating the shattered fragments of a once beautiful silver-mounted crop, and musing on the extreme hardness of the Asiatic skull.

VII

ONE ASPECT OF THE TROPICS.

ON THE return of the chief engineer I volunteered to undertake the task of locating a branch line to the Hacienda de Palo Saco, a vast sugar estate in the lower valley of the river, thirteen miles long, with a varying width of from one to two miles. The large hacienda building with its numerous patios, gardens and corrals, dominated the village of employes and outlying mills, like an old feudal castle. The land was perfectly irrigated and very fertile, producing two crops a year, and keeping mills and stills busy most of the time.

The location of the line was reported to be extremely difficult. One engineer had died of fever, another was unable to solve the problem, and his successor had absorbed too much cane rum to accomplish anything. An investigation disclosed an engineering problem that could be readily solved and reduced the "insuperable difficulties" to two troublesome obstacles. First, the extreme heat of the climate and the prevalence of

malarial fevers; second, the difficulty of cutting a way through a few miles of a dense jungle of thorny trees and brush, a difficulty arising primarily from the conflict of authority among the hacienda superintendents that had nullified all attempts at continuous work.

The first obstacle was overcome by securing a volunteer who was willing to take the chances. The second was solved by my refusing to stir until the proprietor had given me absolute authority over everybody on the estate, with power to suspend anyone at will during my stay.

The initial day of my autocratic sway was strenuous. The first order to the superintendents to work their gangs in relays in cutting through the jungle was met by polite excuses, then by protests, and finally with such a howl of indignation and threats that I was convinced that the fellows had not understood their written instructions from the proprietor. I sternly called them down and requested each man to carefully read his instructions. The effect was instantaneous and rather ludicrous, and I worked them mercilessly the rest of the day, including the two hours usually allowed for siesta, to make up for the time lost in talking.

The work was vigorously prosecuted until an epidemic of malignant fever swept the estate. This delayed matters until the first few days of panic had subsided. For a week numerous deaths occurred among the work-

ing force while on the line. A man died quickly or began to recover a few hours after an attack. As my work ended with the completion of the alignment and the placing of grade stakes, I rushed it relentlessly during the plague period of two weeks, for death claimed more victims among idlers than among the workers. The last ten days were equally divided between a restless urging of the work on one day while the alternate day was spent in bed struggling with violent chills and fever. When the last stake was driven I crawled weakly into my saddle and set out for Chimbote, trembling with the weakness of fever, but determined to enjoy my next day's shake amid the more congenial surroundings of the engineer's headquarters, where I arrived about midnight. Journeys on alternate days soon landed me in Taquilpon, where the mountain air, assisted by Peruvian bark, quickly eliminated the tertianas and put me in a frame of mind to appreciate the complimentary remarks of my chief for solving a problem that had baffled the company for two years. I was also ready to make a resolution never again to attempt a railroad location through a tropical pest hole during an epidemic.

VIII.

A STORY OF LA SOLEDAD.

LA SOLEDAD was in the wildest part of the cañon of the Rio de la Santa, accessible only over dangerous cliff trails. The region presented a picture of loneliness and desolation. The dark cliffs and mountain slopes were bare of vegetation save where an occasional cactus lifted its heavy leaves in grotesque picturesqueness. Condors circled in the thin air among the peaks, and at rare intervals a rose-flamingo winged its deliberate flight down the river. At night, from the cliffs echoed the call of little owls (a variety of *speotito cunicularia*) simulating the Spanish words "ven aca, ven aca" (come, come), intoned with indescribably melancholy cadence. The superstitious Cholos believed it to be a portent of death. One of the many camp brawls was so blended with the weird night scenario of the cañon that it has remained strongly impressed on my memory.

José Eruquiza was one of the Chileno desperadoes, a doughty descendant of the Conquistadores, with the air of a grandee and

all the vices of mingled Spanish and Indian blood. He had already killed two men in camp during the year. On each occasion he had been arrested and "reasoned with,"—that is, he had been placed in the stocks with the bar well raised, until the combined effects of sun-glare and pain had produced unconsciousness. He was then revived and brought before me to listen to a terse lecture on the duties that a cabellero owed to the community, and then ordered to his hut. The punishment of the stocks was deemed sufficient because the plea of self-defense had been clearly established during the investigation. The fact that the killing had rid the camp of two very bad men had its influence on the decision. Then came a report that another victim of his knife was lying dead in camp and that José had fled. The event occurred early in the evening and was the outcome of a needless quarrel provoked by José. As the guards led the way to the body, I heard above the moaning of the river the mournful cry of the owls—"ven aca, ven aca,"—and the weird superstition of the Cholos came to my mind. The guards halted, bared their heads and crossed themselves, while I, advancing a few steps, recognized in the dim light the body of a young Chileno. Its position was such that the eyes appeared to reflect the rays of the Southern Cross, then brightly gleaming in the heavens.

Orders were promptly issued for the capture of José, and the chief with the two

guards quickly started on the quest. A few days elapsed without word from them.

One evening, as I paused for a rest from wearying computations, and was absently listening to the faint wailing of the owls from the cliffs, I was aroused by the salutation of a panting Indian, a runner from one of the mountain tribes. In the strange music of the quichua tongue he delivered his message. "José is found. He is a few leagues away in a hut on a chacara (a small plantation). He is dying. The fever of the cañon has seized him."

Horses were saddled, and in a few minutes, with one guard and the Indian as guide, I was on the trail leading to the far end of Pampa Mirador, where lay the chacara. The full moon had risen above the Cordillera, glistening on snowy peaks and gleaming like burnished silver on the towering pinnacles of Cerro Huascan. Far below in the depths of the cañon, a pearly mist outlined the raging torrent of the Santa. On the pampa ahead, ragged masses of detached rocks cast grotesque shadows, amid which vampires wavered in erratic flight, and from the foothills was heard the doleful cry of the night birds. Far above the snowy range the constellation of the Southern Cross shone brightly in the sky.

The traverse of the pampa had been made in silence. As we neared the hut we were astonished by a shrill uproar of mingled shrieks and curses. Hurriedly striking open

the door, I rushed in to find the chief guard mercilessly lashing a howling Cholo with his whip. He had not heard our approach, and was so startled at my sharp order to stop that he dropped his whip and stared blankly for a moment, and then explained that he had left the hut for a few minutes in charge of the Cholo, and on his return had discovered him venting his hatred of Chilenos on the dying man, tauntingly reminding him that no priest was nigh to absolve him, that he was doomed to perdition, and telling him to listen to the voices calling "ven aca, ven aca," thus adding the terror of superstitious fancy to the agony of death. It was a dastardly act, but lightly punished by the fearful lashing which had left him streaked with blood and scarcely conscious.

José was already dead, with features distorted by the final convulsion of malignant fever. After leaving orders to the guards to force the Cholo to dig the grave, I rode away deeply impressed.

It is now many years since that lonely grave was made in the foot hills of the Sierra Blanca, yet at times when musing over the distant Peruvian days, memory recalls the scene. Again I feel the languor of a tropic night, with startling vividness comes a vision of the awful grandeur of La Soledad, of black towering walls of a gloomy cañon with a moaning river in its depths. On a little playa lies the form of a murdered man with face upturned to the infinite beauty of

the stars, his dim eyes reflecting the rays of the Southern Cross—the emblem of faith to which his dying gaze had turned. On the heights the Pampa Mirador spreads in the desolate splendor of moonlight, huge rocks cast fantastic shadows through which vampires flit. In the distance the mighty summits of Cerro Huascan pierce the heavens like shafts of burnished silver. Beneath the thatch of a lonely hut lies a dying man, and voices from the night are calling to his reluctant soul, “ven aca, ven aca.”

IX

ON THE WAY TO CARAZ.

ON A JOURNEY to Caraz to examine the upper valley, we crossed the Cordillera Negra on the road between Macate and Huylas, through a pass sixteen thousand feet above the sea, beyond the line of perpetual snow in this latitude. This pass is two hundred and seventy feet higher than the summit of Mt. Blanc. I noticed here the peculiar sickness caused by rarefied air. On the summit of the pass it became necessary to tighten the girths of the pack animals. The exertion required for this made all three of the arrieros so sick and weak that they could scarcely mount their horses. Minute drops of blood oozed from their eyelids and a clear liquid from their ears. They seemed to suffer intensely, and swayed weakly in their saddles until a much lower altitude was reached.

After crossing the pass we were joined by an old priest mounted on a fine mule. The old padre entertained me by relating many quaint legends of the mountain people, one

being an odd version of the lost treasure of the Incas. On the left of the trail was a lonely mountain lake with a few green-wing teal on the surface—the pretty little duck familiar to northern sportsmen. The lake was about half a mile long, nearly oval in shape. From the far side rose a cliff of dark traprock, the reflection of which gave an inky blackness to the still water. It presented a picture of forlorn and desolate beauty. The padre, pointing to it, said that the waters were unfathomable, and in their depths was buried the great treasure of Atahualpa.

When the last of the Incas was imprisoned by the base treachery of Pizzaro, and agreed to fill his cell with gold for ransom, his faithful people hastened to his relief. The enormous treasure was divided into two unequal portions. The larger, known as the “big fish,” the smaller as the “little fish.” It was a portion of the latter that had been delivered to Pizarro when he caused the execution of Atahualpa. When the news of his death became known the remainder of the treasure was hidden by the priests in charge of it. So successfully did they conceal it that none has been found since. It is searched for today with the same enthusiasm that fills the seekers for Captain Kidd’s treasure in the north. A portion of the “big fish” in the shape of an enormous chain of solid gold, borne by many men over the same road on which we were traveling, had arrived on the shore of the little lake when the word of the

death of their Inca reached the bearers. They cast the precious burden into the black water, where it remains to this day. When the sun is overhead there can be seen a gleam of golden light reflected from measureless depths.

The old padre seemed to believe this tradition, which he related in detail, giving the length and thickness of the links of the chain, and the number of Indians who carried it. I wickedly figured him down and demonstrated that inasmuch as a cubic foot of gold weighs twelve hundred pounds, each Indian must have been carrying about eight hundred pounds, and expressed my astonishment at the gigantic strength of the ancient Peruvians. This observation evidently disconcerted the simple-minded padre. However, when I mildly suggested that the story would be true if the number of carriers were increased, he seemed to make a mental note of it, and his countenance resumed its normal expression of placid content.

We arrived at Caraz on a feast day and witnessed a ludicrous travesty of a bull fight. A bright-colored square of silk was stitched to the skin on the back of the bull, whose horns were tipped with wooden balls. The streets leading from the plaza were barricaded, and he was turned loose therein. The half drunken Cholos then entered and attempted to tear the cloth off. The bull naturally resented this, and many a man was

thrown to the ground or tossed in the air before the feat was accomplished.

Our party witnessed the performance from the balcony of the Governor's house near one corner of the plaza. The house at right angles to us was embellished with a large open porch, elevated about seven steps above the ground, on which a vociferous band was holding forth. One of our party amused himself by throwing small coins into the plaza for which the Cholos would scramble. Any group so engaged were invariably charged by the bull. By an oversight, caused by his excitement, our friend threw a number of silver pieces, most of them falling in front of the band stand, and every player promptly leaped from the porch to get his share. The bull charged into their midst and ran his head through the large bass drum, then raced frantically about the plaza with the drum caught on his horns and partially blinding him.

This diversion enabled one of the Cholos to tear the cloth from the animal. The victor was immediately set upon by the mob, who tore the silk into small pieces for souvenirs, while the bull was roped and taken away.

X

CONCLUSION.

ANOTHER engineer and I visited many towns for the purpose of establishing the latitude and longitude of each. The observations were usually taken in the center of the plaza.

In one small Indian town, this place was marked by a large cross, near which we stood while taking the observation. The usual crowd collected, but, being busied with my notes, I did not notice them until their perfect quietness made me look up. They were all kneeling and remained so until we finished. As they regarded us with such a marked expression of awe, I had my half-breed servant make inquiries, and found that the simple people had looked on our observations as a form of sun worship, akin to their ancient faith.

On another occasion, while taking an observation at a high bench above one of the tributaries of the Santa, my companion, who was looking through the sextant, suddenly stopped, remarked that there was something

the matter with his eyes, as everything seemed to be quivering. I immediately examined the artificial horizon and noticed a fine agitation on the surface of the mercury, which was steadily increasing. Suddenly we felt a slight tremble, which was immediately followed by the tremendous jar of a rotary earthquake. Huge masses of detached rock rushed down the gulches with a crashing sound heard above the horrible subterranean roar that seemed to vibrate through our souls. From the valley rose clouds of dust that obscured the opposite cliffs. Then all was still, and two demoralized engineers stood staring at each other with startled looks, while the horses moaned and trembled with fright. The men fell to their knees, invoking the saints in an ecstasy of terror. This shock was felt with varying force far along the coast, injuring the massive stones of the new mole at Callao, and demolishing many buildings in Arequipa, where several lives were lost. There may be exceptional men who can accustom themselves to earthquakes, but to the average man the idea of safety is associated with solid ground, and when that fails him he knows not where to turn.

Peru is a land where time is not considered. Mañana, the indefinite tomorrow, rules with procrastinating sway. With us the fleeting moments are deemed precious and control the limit of those random recollections. During a three-year sojourn in that sunny land, the feeling of novelty and inter-

est was not dulled. The sight of a ruined city or temple would conjure a vision of the peaceful reign of the Incas. A battered fort with its antique cannon would suggest a picture of the glory of old Spain and the bravery and cruelty of Pizarro and his adventurers, who desolated a beautiful country in their fierce lust of gold. Now the blood of victor and vanquished commingle in a people degraded below the former estate of each, yet a glamour of the olden days surround them.

As the rays of the setting sun emblazon the snowy summits of the Cordillera, the white beam of the electric light gleams on the darkening coast, a symbol of the new life that has reached the shore to regenerate this fair land through the coming years.

JAPAN BEFORE THE WAR
WITH CHINA



JAPAN BEFORE THE WAR WITH CHINA

MEMORIES OF A VISIT IN 1892

“IN THE dawn of time, from the floating bridge of heaven, the Creative deity plunged his spear into the unstable waters beneath; as it was withdrawn the trickling drops formed into islands. Thus ‘The Everlasting Great Japan’ was born of the glittering drops that fell from the jeweled falchion of Iznagi.”

The area is one hundred and fifty thousand square miles—a little less than California and about two and one-half times that of the New England States. Two-thirds of this is mountain land not cultivated, but yielding a revenue by a scientific system of forestry founded on the German method. Thus the forty-two million inhabitants of Japan derive all their food products from fifty thousand square miles of cultivated land supplemented by the finny harvest of the surrounding sea. The most important and best part lies between the thirty-third and thirty-sixth parallels of latitude, a strip of land two hundred miles wide and six hundred miles

long. There is no fairer sight than Hondo in the dainty loveliness of early spring. Amid the quaint houses and little gardens the wisteria droops from the trellis in purple beauty. Fringing every pathway and crowning the dykes of the irrigated fields myriads of tiny wild flowers add their pretty tribute to the scene. The wondrous tones of green that grace the landscape are brightened by the rosy light of cherry blossoms and the vivid hues of azaleas glowing on the sloping foothills, beyond which rise the verdure-clad mountains dominated by the snowy cone of Fujiyama that looms afar through the silvery haze.

Half a month on the lonely waste of the vast Pacific fills the soul with longing for land, though it be but a barren island lifting its rocky crest from dashing waves. When this longing is satisfied by the sight of a land beautiful beyond the magic touch of dreams, it brings a sense of joy that ever lingers in the memory.

In this buoyant frame of mind two voyagers stepped from the steamer's launch and strolled along the Bund in Yokohama, thrilling with the delight of the first impressions of a strange country. Suddenly the writer paused and thoughtfully stared at a little girl with a baby strapped on her back. She shyly returned his gaze. The Asiatic countenance, the plump cheeks, oblique eyes, and a certain grotesqueness of attitude, all seemed strangely familiar to him, and the funny little baby with its shaven head and

unblinking eyes that gazed so calmly on this vast world over the shoulder of its carrier—surely he had seen them both before. Then, like the memory of a half-forgotten name, it all came to him. The girl and baby from a sketch by Hokusai! It was several years before, while examining a book of drawings by this skillful artist, that the resolve was made to visit the scenes that inspired his wonderful suggestions before they were blighted by the deadening touch of European influence. The vague fear that the picturesqueness of the old times had gone during the twenty-five years of the new era of Meiji, was dispelled. Here was the living proof. The artist was in his prime ninety years ago, but this girl was *not* ninety years old, and the infant had not twice seen the cherry petals fill the air in rosy mimicry of winter's snow. The writer felt impelled to express his thanks to this fair reincarnation of the old days, but he knew not the language of the sunrise land, and his silence became silvern as he gave a coin to the wondering girl, who, in smiling acknowledgment, bowed and touched her forehead with the gift, a most graceful expression of thanks that scarce required the gentle “*aringato gozaimas*,” spoken in a voice low and sweet, while the funny little baby nodded its shaven poll in infantile approval. It was a good beginning. When the children of a strange land smile on the traveler his pathway will be a pleasant one. This traveler was elated, his wish was realized, he was among the peo-

ple of Hokusai, and they brightened his journey with their gentle ways and pretty fancies over all the fair land that spreads in ethereal beauty from the gilded shrines of Nikko to the ancient temples of Ise.

The grotesque poses of figures on fans and screens that we are all so familiar with are but slight exaggerations of scenes of every-day life in the interior as it is presented today (1892)—surprisingly so in the burlesque processions on the Mukojima during the festival of the cherry blossoms. This beautiful avenue extends nearly two miles along the bank of the Sumi-da-gawa, and is lined on both sides with trees bearing a double flower—the famed cherry blossom of Japan. In April the flowers are in their prime, the laden branches form an arched canopy above, the fallen petals carpet the roadway beneath and along the rosy perspective the people throng in holiday attire, while music and merry-making rule the hour. The soft tones of silken garments make of every chance group a study that entrances an artist. The gaily dressed children, romping and playing, accent the pretty scene with touches of bright hues, that remind one of brilliant butterflies and the pink glory of the flowers. There is no other part of the world that presents such a charming color study as the festival at Mukojima.

Near the avenue we discovered, in a dense grove of pines, an ancient temple adjoining a burial place. The temple was small, and its

elaborate carving dimmed by the soft touches of many years. The sudden transition from the brightness and jollity of the Mukojima to the shadowy grove where the sacred edifice guarded the dead, was very impressive, and moved by a common impulse we uncovered our heads in the mute acknowledgment of the lesson it conveyed.

In one part of the burial ground we discovered a veritable "poet's corner." The stones were rough boulders with a polished face, whereon was inscribed—not a lugubrious epitaph to the dead poet—but simply a few lines of his most famous verse. 'Twas enough, those whose souls had been touched by his gentle art would recognize the last resting place of the master by a few notes of his sweetest song; his name had long been graven on their hearts.

About this time of the year, in May, the tea plantations are thronged with women and girls gathering the first crop of leaves which is sent to the go-downs or warehouses in the treaty ports where it is prepared and boxed for shipment. The principal process is the "firing." There are long rows of shallow iron basins, set in brick-work and heated by glowing charcoal, with hundreds of men and woman constantly stirring the leaves with bare hands. In the warm days of spring the heat in the firing houses is rather trying, and the operators have so little clothing on that its presence is not noticeable. The bulk of the crop is shipped to the United States, which is

the largest consumer. The natural color of the leaf is a yellowish green. For some inscrutable reason the users in America insist that it should have a glossy surface and darker color. To meet this aesthetic requirement a small quantity of powdered talc and indigo is added while firing. The greater portion shipped is of an ordinary quality worth about fifteen cents a pound by the cargo in New York. The tea drunk in a respectable Japanese family costs them from twenty-five to fifty cents. The finest tea from Uji is ten dollars a pound, and is rarely if ever exported. Boiling water is never used, as it brings out the astringent quality and destroys the delicate flavor. It is poured first into a small pitcher, and from that onto the leaves which are steeped but a few minutes.

“O Cha,” the honorable tea, is the pivot about which everything revolves in Japan. All official, social and business affairs begin with it. The first thing that greets the visitor under any roof in the Empire, from the decorated copper of the gorgeous temple to the rude thatch of the cooley’s hut, is the tiny cup of fragrant tea, the token of hospitality and welcome. It is offered with such winning graciousness and served in vessels of such artistic beauty that it is impossible to refuse it. Tea houses are the restaurants of Japan, where the famed geishas are called to entertain the guests when a native gives a dinner to his friends. They are professional entertainers trained in all the accomplishments of

their art. When the dinner is well under way the screens of the adjoining room are slid back disclosing the daintily picturesque dancers and musicians. Their performance is not dancing in our sense of the word, it is really a series of pantomimes illustrating some well-known story or fanciful conceit.

Every graceful pose and gesture has a significance to a native, but is difficult of comprehension by a foreigner. Many of the movements have become conventionalized in time, so that a once significant gesture is modified beyond recognition except to the initiated. When the meaning is too complex for pantomimic representation it is explained in song by the musicians. There is something indescribably quaint and delightful in the sight. The dancers are endowed with the beauty of youth and clad in silk garments of delicate colors, in beautiful contrast to the brilliantly decorated screens that serve as a background. The artistic beauty of the scene is beyond comparison. At first the effect is one of unreality, as if the spectator were translated to a festival of the Arabian Nights. The vivid impression becomes one of the rare treasures of memory among the many with which this fair land endows the mind. The native inns and houses are a never-ending delight in their immaculate cleanliness. The rooms are bare of furniture and covered with soft, creamy mats of woven reeds. The walls are decorated and the wood work skilfully carved and polished. The

small depressions for handling the sliding partitions are often inlaid with exquisite bronze of extremely minute and artistic designs. Occasionally the ceiling is decorated in small panels, each containing a different design of embroidered silk, or a delicate painting. The ceiling of one room that we occupied was enlivened by a large dragon that was tearing its way in grotesque fierceness through rifted clouds that showed the blue of the sky beyond. This beautiful tone of blue, flecked with fleecy clouds, was continued down the side wall, gradually fading to a lighter hue that harmonized with the color of the matting. The technique of the work was excellent, and a most curious combination of realistic and decorative treatment. When one wishes to go into an adjoining room he simply slides the partitions. No doors to slam or furniture to stumble over! When anything is wanted he claps his hands and a pretty nesan glides through the wall, and submissively kneeling, awaits the order—like the genie when Aladdin rubbed the wonderful lamp. That the old people of Japan have such a serene expression is doubtlessly due to the fact that they have never known what it is to bump their shins against a chair in a dark room. When old pater familias comes home with his “honorable inside” comfortably full of sake, his poetic condition is never dispelled by a wrath-provoking search for a keyhole—he simply slides through the wall, noiselessly drops onto his futon and gently glides into

the land of dreams with visions of cherry blossoms and geishas floating through his mind.

The scenery along the southern shore from Odawara to Atami is, in the opinion of the writer, far more beautiful than the famed Riviera. It is a border land of the temperate zone and the tropics, where the maple and pine greet the orange and plantain, and the bamboo outlines its light tracery against the dark masses of the camphor tree. The air is fragrant with the mingled odors of orange blossoms and wild syringa, the pendulous wisteria swings in the warm breeze, and the wild azaleas illumine the openings of the forest with vivid color. The road winds along the shores of pretty bays and over projecting spurs of mountains.

The approach to each ridge fills one with a delicious anticipation of the charming view from the summit that is sure to present a new arrangement of jutting headlands, framing the sparkling surface of a little bay dotted with grotesque junks and sampans; on the land side, a picturesque village nestling amid the hanging gardens of the foot hills. Atami is reached late in the afternoon. As we dreamily discuss the events of the journey the soft patter of the nesan's feet, as she brings paper lanterns to light the room, warns us that another perfect day is gone.

It is night at Atami. The veranda of the room faces the bay, where headlands dimly loom in silhouette against a star-lit sky. A

line of phosphorescent foam outlines the surf that breaks with muffled roar. The glow of colored lanterns gleams softly from quaint houses, distant notes of samisen and singing voices float on the air and harmonize curiously with the sound of the surf and the gentle lullaby of a woman soothing her child in the court. From the bay comes a smell of the sea that mingles with the odors of the land, the fragrance of unknown flowers and shrubs and the faint perfume of incense from a temple, all unfamiliar and suggestive of the strangeness and remoteness of the East.

At times on a lonely stretch of road would be heard the soft notes of a temple bell vibrating on the air, proclaiming a sanctuary embowered in the shade of giant *Criptomeria*, a shrine dedicated to Kwannon, the sweet goddess of mercy, ever bestowing her gentle benediction on the weary toilers of the land. The state religion (so-called) of Japan is a revival of the archaic "Shinto," "the way of the gods," vague and shadowy. It is the old mythology and worship of the forces of nature, the deification of heroes and ancestors, profoundly modified by the more prevalent Buddhism and the ethical teaching of Confucius. The middle and lower classes worship indifferently at either Shinto or Buddhist shrines, and are very tolerant of all religions. They are essentially unspeculative, and the metaphysical abstractions of Buddhism touch them as lightly as do the hair splitting distinctions of the Christian theologians. Their

attitude of mind is aptly described as a "politeness to possibilities." All religious observance is pervaded with an air of jollity and merrymaking which prompts the outside barbarian to designate it as "a little fear and a great deal of fun." To a casual observer the most deeply seated characteristic, aside from the many superstitions, is the Confucian teaching of obedience to parents. This is carried to the extreme of sacrificing everything for their welfare. The vast majority of the frail women are those who have been sold by their parents into a wretched life, driven by the dire stress of poverty. They never approach the depravity so common in European countries among women of this class because their self-respect is preserved by the consciousness of obeying the highest duty that has been taught to them, although it has required the sacrifice of all happiness. The awful pity of it impresses the Japanese themselves who refer to one of this class as "a lotus in the mud," the symbol of a spirit pure and fair amid the defilement of the earth. Every image of Buddhist god or saint, also those of the Shinto pantheon are, in popular estimation, endowed with special powers. Even the temple guards are not exempt, they are the grotesque images on either side of the gateway. The simple native will have his petition written by a priest on a slip of paper, then chew it to a pulp and throw it at the image. If it sticks he believes that his wish is granted and he goes on his way with all of the

bumptiousness of one of the elect. An idea of the appalling audacity of throwing a spit ball at a god has no place in his mental equipment. Near one of the shiba temples is a latticed shrine of a goddess who guards lovers. The petition is written on a slip of paper and then tied with one hand to a bar of the lattice. As we approached with our Japanese guide a very pretty girl had just finished the rite and was rising. On seeing us she seemed embarrassed and blushed slightly. Although this was a public place we felt like intruders and that an apology would be in order, so, prompted by us, the guide translated our somewhat incoherent message to that effect that we were deeply distressed at the thought of causing annoyance to so fair a being; that we presented our compliments and desired her to know that her prayer was our prayer and that we wished her happiness and peace; furthermore, we were going to make a silver offering in the temple and persuade the great gods to stop all other business until her petition was granted. She bowed a pleased and smiling acknowledgment to us and then spoke with gentle earnestness to the guide and, again bowing to us, vanished in the throng on the temple grounds. The guide translated her words, "Please tell the honorable gentlemen that gratitude is for their kindness and sincerest thanks for their good wishes."

Griffith relates an extraordinary instance of the strength of superstitious belief among the common people shown during the fearful

catastrophe of the eruption of the volcanic mountain Sho-Bandai-San, situated near Lake Inawashiro, about two hundred miles north of Tokio. In July, 1888, a terrific explosion of pent up steam blew off the top and side of the mountain and hurled masses of rock and earth a distance of four miles whence they spread in streams of boiling mud, burying thirty square miles of country to a depth of from twenty to one hundred and fifty feet. Several villages were destroyed and many lives lost. Just before the eruption a native of one of the little towns had gone across the valley to cut grass on the opposite slope, which was beyond the limit of the horrible mud flow. On his way he saw a fox. The bewitching power of foxes is a common belief. After seeing one he knew some enchantment might come upon him and he must, in any event, keep cool and preserve his presence of mind. He was forewarned and must be on his guard. So, when the appalling event occurred he calmly sat down, lit his pipe, and observed it with a perfect equanimity born of the conviction that it was only a subjective phenomenon. When it was over this wily philosopher resumed his work with a complacent sense of having passed unscathed the ordeal of the fox-bewitched.

At a new temple in Kyoto there were several large cables, about two and one-half inches in diameter, made of the tresses of women who, too poor to make an offering of money, had sacrificed their hair, a touching tribute of

faith. The cables are very strong and bring a good price.

The people have a custom of rubbing the accessible images about a temple "for luck;" the constant friction of many hands obliterates the carving in time. A common subject among the guarding images is a monster with the semblance of a tiger endowed by the cunning artist with an aspect of exaggerated ferocity. We noticed one that was so worn by constant rubbing that its once grotesque fierceness was only an impression, a vague suggestion as of the frightful glare of Cerebus through the gloom of hades. The blurred demon presented such a ludicrous aspect of impotent fury and helplessness that the writer laughed at it and told the guide that it symbolized the leading characteristic of the Japanese, their gentle caresses had so tamed the once awful frightener of the spirits of the air that a little child would approach it without fear. This fancy so pleased the old samurai that he translated it to a group of natives who had been somewhat scandalized at the unseemingly mirth, whereat they bowed and smiled with such genuine pleasure that the traveler felt absolved of his rudeness. Any little compliment or fanciful conceit is keenly appreciated by those quick witted people. So is any concession to their customs. We delighted the people in the interior by dispensing with knives and forks and using chop-sticks and conforming carefully to their etiquette of dining. Chairs are unknown there, small silk

cushions, called zabuton, are used to kneel on; the legs from the knee to the ankle is on the cushion, the feet extended back, turning slightly so that the outer ankle touches the cushion; thus a person is really sitting on the inner sides of his feet. The bending back of the foot, making a straight line from knee to toe, is what makes the attitude impossible to many Europeans. We often noticed that women in railway cars would sit uneasily for a time, then, in shy desperation, slip off their sandals, tuck their feet under themselves on the cushioned seat and settle down with a little sigh of content, serenely comfortable in an attitude unbearable to Europeans.

Under the old feudal system the ruling classes were the Shoguns, the Daimios and their retainers, the Samurai. The common people ranked as follows: First, the agriculturists; second, the artists and artisans; third, the merchants and traders. Below all were the Eta or outcasts who had no legal rights. The Mikado was a nominal ruler, the governing power being absolutely in the hands of his chief minister, the most powerful Shogun, who controlled the person of the Mikado. After the revolution of 1868 the present form of government was instituted, modeled on the lines of the German constitution. It was gradually introduced and officially established on the promulgation of the constitution in 1890. The Mikado, or Emperor, became the actual ruler, with a nobility somewhat after the English form, composed of the former

Shoguns and Daimios, the gentry being represented by the Sumurai who, by imperial decree, put aside their swords in 1871. All below the Samurai, including the Eta, are the common people with equal standing and legal rights. All revenues revert to the general government. The Shoguns and Daimios, in lieu of their former revenues derived from the taxes of their respective provinces, receive a specified sum which is gradually reduced to only a liberal allowance, thus cutting off the supplies of their retainers, the Samurai, who were forced into various occupations. Some were ennobled, many entered the new army and navy, and great numbers were reduced to pitiful straits to obtain a livelihood for which their training had unfitted them. In the old days these two-sworded men, the Samurai, were the soldiers and scholars of the country, a unique combination. They had evolved as fine a sense of honor as did the knights of old and from this class have sprung the most able men of Japan.

Although a generation has passed since the new order of things, the old traditions tinge the customs of the people. The merchant is increasing in wealth and importance, but he is low in the social scale.

It is this class with which the foreigner comes mostly in contact. He finds them unreliable and tricky and so assumes that all Japanese are like them and vigorously denounces the entire nation. With the exception of a few scholars and scientists, the foreign resi-

dents betray a lack of appreciation of Japanese art and of the finer traits of native character. Much that is striking to a new arrival is commonplace to them, and as they are very ordinary business men they do not look much beyond their own affairs. They are easy going in their ways and very pleasant and hospitable. The great mass of the people are poor but industrious and contented. They have adapted themselves perfectly to their surroundings and exhibit a genius in accomplishing great results with the simplest means. In the opinion of the writer they are the most gentle, courteous, and cleanliest people in the world. The average Japanese is frank, honest and loyal, with a happy disposition for obtaining a healthful enjoyment from the simplest things. They are essentially artistic in temperament. Lafcadio Hearn says that "they seem like soft reflections of the Latin types without the Latin force and brilliancy and passion, somewhat as in dreams the memory of people we have known becomes smilingly aerial and imponderable."

Long ago Kaempfer said, "they far outdo the Christians." It is difficult to make a just estimate, for their ideas and modes of thought are different from ours. In theory they may be worse, in practice they average as good. In the common schools they are now made familiar with the sayings of the sages, including those of India and China and the book of proverbs from the Bible, and with

the ethical teachings of Gautama, Confucius and Christ.

Two years ago there was a revulsion against foreigners, lead by a large faction of the governing class supported by the mass of the people. It resulted in the resignation of most of the foreign officials such as professors, teachers, engineers and the like, who were replaced by educated natives, to the detriment of the youth. This feeling is well expressed by Professor Inouye, of the Imperial University. He reviews the disappearance of the natives of Australia, New Zealand, Sandwich Islands and America before the Anglo-Saxon; tells how he tyrannizes over India and then says to his Japanese countrymen, "Such will be your fate if you open your country. The English and Americans will possess your country; you will fade off the earth before their temptations. Their vices will break down your vigor, and their mental power and craft will outdo you all the time." He then warns his countrymen to let no foreigner obtain residence or land. "Let us take warning and bar our country against this clever race; Japan today is ours, if we choose she will remain so." The traveler is greeted kindly by the people, but official Japan does not welcome the foreigner, she only permits him and confines his residence to the treaty ports. The war and new treaties will profoundly modify many of their ideas.

To the appreciative and sympathetic traveler Japan is a revelation of delight—to

one wearied by the rush of our new world it is a paradise—the very spirit of peace and restfulness abides in the ancient shrines amid their groves of pine and cedar, where the only sound is the soft rustle of the foliage or the mellow booming of the temple bell that proclaims a worshiper calling upon the unseen power to guard him.

AN EXPERIENCE OF CHINESE
DIFFERENCES

AN EXPERIENCE OF CHINESE DIFFERENCES.

THE recent journey of Li Hung Chang around the world naturally attracted much attention, and the newspapers were filled with various accounts of Li, and of China and the Chinese. Most of the articles betrayed the dense ignorance of everything outside of his own ward that characterizes the average reporter. Many of them were silly lies that had not even the merit of wit, but in all this trash there was enough of evident fact to make the reader realize that there is a vast difference between the Chinese and European mode of thought and action. The extent of this difference cannot be realized until one is brought into contact with these people and obliged to consider their ways. It is then that one begins to understand the injustice of judging them by our standards, and the folly of expecting them to act as we would under similar circumstances.

Their conduct is governed by a thousand influences and superstitions of which we are ignorant, so that to deal fairly with them re-

quires great patience, sympathy, and tact, until we are enlightened by a knowledge that only time and experience can give. For instance, "Fung-Shui," the superstition of the good and evil influences of nature, proclaims that, "when two houses are beside one another, the one on the left is built on the green dragon, and the one on the right on the white tiger." Now the tiger must not be higher than the dragon, else death or bad luck will result. It can be easily seen that all the elements of trouble exist here if one house belongs to a Chinaman and the other to a foreigner. As Henry Norman says, "The Chinaman and the mosquito are the two great mysteries of creation."

During many years' experience as Civil Engineer I was often placed in general charge of railroads under construction where large forces of Chinamen were employed and the problem of managing them was forced on my attention. First in Peru when the vile coolie traffic was in vogue, involving all the horrors of slavery with none of its mitigating circumstances. The absolute control given by a system of slavery offered little inducement to study of character of the men, as all orders were enforced by the lash.

It was the endeavor to lighten the hard lot of these people while temporarily in official control of them that first led me to study the causes of the many troubles and uprisings which so frequently occurred, and which could not be attributed to harsh treatment. The

first general fact ascertained was that nearly all difficulties arose from mutual misunderstanding and that the foremen made no allowances for the superstitions and known prejudices of the coolies; all insubordination being mercilessly suppressed by force. Many of the troubles were due to the large class of superstitions relating to locality, and the good and evil influences inherent in places, which I afterwards learned were grouped under the native term, "Fung Shui" previously referred to. It literally means "wind and water." There is, of course, no English equivalent to the word, as the thing itself is unknown to us.

As very little specific information was obtainable from the coolies, the questioning was stopped and a more contented feeling induced by a series of general orders to Division Superintendents and foremen forbidding severe punishments and referring such cases to higher officials for decision; forbidding absolutely any interference with the conduct of the coolies in camps or barracks, except the necessary enforcing of order and cleanliness which should be entrusted to coolies selected for the purpose.

The orders were all in the direction of interfering as little as possible with the ways of the coolies. Their enforcement resulted in a very great change for the better. Mutinies were rare; greater contentment prevailed, and a most decided increase in amount of work done was noticed.

My longest experience was in British Columbia when the thousands of workers on the Canadian Pacific Railway invaded the wild solitudes from Burrads Inlet up through the cañons of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers. About four thousand of these workmen were Chinese of a much better class than the Canton coolies. They were obtained through an agent of the Six Companies and shipped direct from Hong Kong to Victoria, and from thence up the Fraser River and distributed among the camps along the line of the work. They were subdivided into gangs of thirty men each, and all transactions with them were done through the gang leaders; that is, the gang was the unit, not the individual. Those from the same province were kept together. The first difficulty was with a force of four hundred men sent directly from shipboard to a camp on the banks of a clear mountain stream, a tributary of the Fraser, and an ideal camping place. Several of them died from scurvy contracted on the long ocean voyage and the rest refused to remain. They were moved further up the river and replaced by others. Within a few hours the new force was in a terrific uproar, refusing to work and insisting upon immediate removal to another place. This was done. As there was no apparent reason for this action on the part of the second force I decided to make a personal investigation and started up the line with two reliable interpreters. On arrival at the deserted camp we observed red paper notices

attached to many of the trees. They were all of the same import. The literal translation was somewhat as follows:

“ With night and darkness comes a large serpent that writhes through this stream poisoning the waters, bringing misfortune and death to all who drink thereof.”

These notices had been put up by the first force on the death of some of them from scurvy, and was only their figurative Chinese way of intimating that the water was bad. This was what had alarmed the second force. As pieces of red paper covered with Chinese ideographs had frightened four hundred men I decided to see what effect the same means would have in a contrary direction.

The interpreters were provided with writing material and they were instructed to write that this camp was the most fortunate spot beyond the walls of the flowery kingdom, and long life and happiness came to him who drank of the stream. The wily interpreters exhibited a keen appreciation of the idea and rapidly furnished new notices which were pasted over the old ones. The next day a new force was moved to the camp who occupied it in placid contentment until the work was finished. The agent of the Six Companies who furnished the Chinamen, was Sing Kee, millionaire merchant of Victoria, who also owned all of the Chinese supply stores along the line of the railroad. The company paid him a stipulated amount for each workman, “ head

money," as it was called, and he maintained control of them until all of their obligations to him for passage money, store bills, etc., had been paid. About a year after their arrival it was noticed that frequent desertions occurred, from the most Eastern camps, the runaways taking the stage road to the Caribo mines. This, of course, was a violation of agreement, and Sing Kee was requested to put a stop to it, but the sly old diplomat pleaded inability to control men who were so far off. As something had to be done at once I summoned six of the American foremen that I had known on the plains. They were of the cowboy type, and readily volunteered to "round up" the last gang that had deserted.

Mounted on horses they soon overtook about forty men on the road, headed them and then ordered them back. The Chinamen resisted, and some of them being armed, foolishly opened fire on the foremen. This was child's play for these veterans of the frontier, and in a few seconds there were four dead Chinamen lying by the road, a few escaping into the forest and the rest on the return march to camp. The Government authorities made quite a show of official indignation over this affair, but finally let the matter drop. Although this put a stop to all desertions for the time being, it was evidently not the way to treat the matter; so, in a rather disgusted frame of mind, I took up the problem from the diplomatic point of view. A little thought brought out the following points: Sing Kee's

assertion of inability to control the men was evidently false, because some men of a group closely associated would go, while others remained. Sing Kee was endeavoring to persuade our paymaster to deduct a certain sum from each gang in addition to store bills, for additional "head money" which he claimed was due to him. This claim was false, because all "head money" had long since been paid by the company. The agent refused most positively to make the claim in person in the presence of the gangs, as was customary. The old rascal knew that if he made a false claim in person he would very likely be killed by the first gang he made it of, hence his persistent efforts to have the collection enforced by our paymaster. His conniving at the escape of Chinamen was probably but the beginning of a series of annoyances that would eventually enable him to squeeze this money out of the company.

A careful enquiry, conducted secretly, of course, through reliable and friendly interpreters, established the fact that no Chinaman left the road who was in debt at any of the agent's stores. Although our paymaster paid these bills for each gang, after approval by the gang leader, he knew nothing of individual accounts. Here at last was something tangible, and orders were immediately issued that no accounts for any gang should be paid in full until their term of service had expired. The agent was notified of this, also that positive and final instructions had been given to

our paymaster forbidding him to pay any claim of the agent unless he was present personally. As was anticipated, these movements blocked the celestial's little game, and he called at headquarters to see about it.

It was a bright, sunny day and I was alone in the large comfortable office. A gentle knock was heard at the door, then enter the agent, bowing and smiling and shaking hands with himself. He was a small, plump, fine looking Chinaman, with bright, narrow, black eyes, regular features and rather light complexion. He had a most pleasing and benevolent expression, and the perfect politeness and manner of the upper class Chinaman. His attire was most beautiful in its richness and artistic quietness of color. After the rather elaborate greetings were over Sing Kee sat down, cigars were lighted and the conference was opened with his gentle interrogatory, "We talkee business?" He was urged to talk business and informed that the comapny meant business, and it was the intention to have the question of head money and runaway Chinamen everlastingly settled before he left the room. This produced a smile from him that was almost heavenly, and in tones of unusual sweetness he replied, "I understand."

He then gently inquired if the information he had received was official and final. He was told with vigorous directness that not a cent of head money would be deducted unless he was present in person, that no store bills

would be paid in full until the term of service of the gangs had expired. The official orders had been issued. The old Chinaman was wise and knew when he was defeated. He gazed thoughtfully out of the window at the mountains for a minute and then, for the first and only time during our three years' acquaintance, betrayed a sense of annoyance by exclaiming, "Mitta Scovill, you velly sma't man, sometime."

The limitation to this rather dubious compliment, and the manner in which it was uttered, was too much for my gravity and I laughed at him. The polite heathen gazed at me a second and then joined in most heartily, and we parted with our usual manifestations of mutual esteem; and from that moment he ceased all efforts to squeeze his fellow countrymen through our paymaster department, and no more runaway Chinamen were seen on the lonely road to the mines of Caribo.

